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APOTHEOSIS BASILIKE:

OR,

A Pindarick ODE.

APOTHEOSIS BASILIKE:

BRITISH MUSEUM

OR,

A Pindarick ODE.

APOTHEOSIS BASILIKE:

OR,

A Pindarick

ODE,

Upon the Pious and Blessed

TRANSIT

Of that most Excellent

Prince JAMES the II.

King of GREAT BRITAIN.

Who Departed this Life upon the Fifth of *Sept. S. N.* at St. *Germains*, *A. D.* 1701.

Written at the Court of St. *Germains* in the same Year, 1701.

And Printed in this present Year, 1708.

APOTHEOSIS JACOBÆ:

OR,

A Pindarick

ODE,

Upon the Pious and Blessed

TRANSIT

Of that most Excellent

Prince JAMES the II.

King of GREAT BRITAIN.

Who Departed this Life upon the Fifth of Sept. S. N.
at St. Germains, A. D. 1701.

Written at the Court of St. Germains in the Latine
Year, 1701.

And Printed in this present Year, 1702.

APOTHEOSIS BASILIKE:

OR,

A Pindarick ODE.

Upon the Pious and Blessed Transit, of that most Excellent Prince *JAMES* II. K. of *Great Britain*, who Departed this Life upon the Fifth of *Sept. S. N.* at St. *Germains*, *A. D.* 1701.

Ye Guardian Angels of our Kings,
An humble Subject's Thoughts Inspire,
And when of You *and* Them *he Sings*
Tune and Conduct his trembling Lyre.

I.

UPON the Borders of Eternity
The long-declining, Saint-like Monarch stood,
He view'd below the rough impetuous Flood
O'er which he'd sail'd, he saw the dismal Shore,
Cover'd with Wrecks of those who'd past before,
And foaming Waves threat'ning the lowring Sky;
Mountains of Seas the Rocks attack,
Like *Pelion* heap'd on *Ossa*'s Back,

The Sails are rent,
The Masts are spent,
Whilst the ungovern'd Ship, which now no course can keep,
Is Dash'd upon the Rocks, or swallow'd in the Deep.
Thick Darkness clos'd the horrid frightful Scene,
For Night her thickest Veil had cast
To keep the roaring Billows fast,
But they still rage the more,
Till (rowling on the long resounding Shore)
All now was hush'd where all the Storms had been.

When the resigned Monarch (in whose Breast
A Calm was *Tyding* to Eternal Rest)
When he consider'd what he'd *seen*,
And *heard*, and *felt*, and what he'd *been*,
And what *he was*, and was *to be*:
Ah thou Slow-sailing Leaky Ship, said he,
Wilt thou Launch out again and trust that faithless Sea?
What if thou rid'st the Soveraign
And Lord it o'er the yielding Main?
What if thy Carved Sides, and Gilded Stern,
And lofty Pines thy Decks and Ship Adorn?
If gathering Clouds shut up the Skies,
And Winds get loose, and Billows Rise,
They'll ruffle all thy Pompous Equipage,
Despise thy Power and Force, out-roar thy Rage,
And shatter Thee, and all thy numerous Train,
As Sands are driven on th' *Arabian* Plain.
What if the Heavens should Smile, and the Sun-beams
Should Tinge the Surface of the wavering Streams?
What if the Winds were lull'd Asleep,
And Billows sunk into the Deep?
If a soft Gale
Fills but one Sail,
Heedlesly then perhaps She shocks
Upon some lurking Shelve of Rocks;

Then

Then the high Winds you fear'd before
And rowling Waves, in vain y' Implore,
To help her off; where now the baffled beating Hulk
Is broke the ſooner for her weighty boaſted Bulk.
Or ſhould theſe fail, ſome Water-ſpout,
Or ſuddain Hurricane would do't,
Or deeply ſpringing Leaks, or treacherous Sands
Where the deceived bulging Veſſel Strands.

II.

AH Monſtrous Man! Thou little World of mighty Ill's!
A dangerous Sea thy Veins and Boſom fills.
The Rocks, and Sands, and Waves and Wind,
In Man, that little World we find;
And were thoſe all, Ah happy Score,
But we'll produce ten thouſand more
Of daring Ills, where willingly we Split,
And boaſt the Wrecks made by Deſtructive Wit.
If pamper'd Blood that riſes high
Attempts ſome bold face'd Villany,
Call it but *Honour*; Or *Exceſs* of *Wine*,
The Vice it ſelf abſolves the Curſed Sin.
What Storms ariſe from *Pride*, or feign'd *Humility*
Covering the Harpy Claws of the proud Phariſee!
What Seas, or Sands, or all ſum'd up in One,
Have ruin'd more, than *Treachery* has done!
Revenge and *Luſt of Power* have Slain
More than have periſh'd in the Main;
Malice and *Calumny* are bitter baneful Weeds
Which over-run the Ground by unperceived Seeds;
Rebellion lays whole Kingdoms Waſt,
And ſcorns Repentance at the laſt,
For She and Witchcraft, hating all that's Good
Still Thirſt, and Drink, and Thirſt for human Blood;

Ye Rocks, and Sands, and gentle Seas,
Gentler in all your Rage than theſe;
How many Paſſions of the Mind
Exceed what e'er in you we find?
Ah! whither will this diſmal reck'ning Mount?
For could I bring
The Score all in
Arithmetick could ſcarce its Numbers count?
And yet, Oh yet, a ſilent Sin remains
Which a miſtaken Reputation gains;
Her name is *Legion*, Thou vile *Avarice*,
Thou pregnant Hydra, never fading Vice,
So fruitfull of all Ill, void of all Good,
Such an infectious Poys'ner of the Blood,
That if all Sin were loſt, and Man were free,
Their Seeds would all be found enclos'd in thee,
In thee they'd Live, and every Branch wou'd Shoot
From the accurſed Sap of thy prolifick Root.
Oh great *Creator* of the Univerſe,
Who hear'ſt the dreadful Sins which I Rehearſe,
Showre down thy Grace, and to Repentance bring
Thy ſinful People, and their ſuff'ring King.

III.

'TWAS then th' *Inſpir'd Monarch* looking round
(For as his Strength decay'd, Grace did the more abound)
He ſaw, O wond'rous ineffable Sight!
He ſaw *Eternity* and ſpace Infinite;
The ſoaring Eagles Eye would there grow blind,
And Thought it ſelf, lie ſtretched out behind,
So vaſtly broad, and long, and deep, and high,
Innumerable Leagues ſurround our lofty Sky.
A Balmy, Pure and an Eſſential Light
Fill'd all that ſpace Immenſe, but far more Bright,

Than if the Stars ſhould all appear
Like Suns, in this our Hemiſphere,
So bright, that Mortal Man can ſcarce its Glory bear.
A Silent Calm the admiring Monarch kept,
In holy Contemplation, till he wept
The Clouded Souls of thoſe, who Sin away
The hopes of ſuch an Everlaſting Day.
Then humbly looking downwards, when he thought
On God's great Mercy which himſelf had brought,
Unworthy of ſo great a Bliſs
So near the Seat of Paradiſe,
He ſaw, O diſmal Sight! What Tongue can hardly tell,
He ſaw deep, deep below, the gaping Jaws of Hell.
Oh God cry'd he
Is that for me?
For Hell alas! is in Eternity.
Oh Sin! O Death! O wretched Man!
Trembling and Fear, and Everlaſting Pain,
Shut out forever, ever from thy Face,
Never reſtor'd, and ever void of Grace.
Where ſhall I run, where ſhall I fly,
How ſhall I ſhun thy piercing Eye?
Oh! when I think upon my Sin,
The Double Sins of Man and King,
I dread the Wrath of an Offended God,
More than the Pains of his Avenging Rod.
In vain Man calls his Courage to his Aid,
Cowards alone of God are leaſt afraid.
God had permitted this, that he might try
His lively Faith, and his Humility,
And humble him, whom he would Glorify.
Then he apply'd himſelf to holy Pray'r,
For Grace ne'er left him in his Streſs of Fear,
Nor would he preſume: When th' Almighty ſent
An Angel to reſtore the trembling Royal Saint.

Swift from the Throne his Guardian Angel brings
Tydings of Joy, and healing in his Wings;
So have we seen a shooting Star,
Glide thro' the Regions of the Air,
Or Lightning, in a clear warm Night
Tinging the Skies with borrow'd Light.
But swifter much the blessed Spirit came,
And thus he spake in the Almighty's Name.
Fear not O *King*! that place's prepar'd for those
Who are our God's, and his Anointed's Foes.
God will accept thy Suffring,
Thy Sorrows, and the Offering
Of thy three Crowns: Thy self, thy Tears,
Thy Penance and thy Pious Pray'rs,
Thro' thy Redeemer thou wilt Live
In Joys, which none but he can give;
Fear then no more, but cast thine Eyes again
Upon that Gulf of Everlasting Pain,
That thou the more may'st bless him, and his bounteous Grace
Who has redeem'd thy Soul from that accurst Place.

IV.

THE happy King (thrice happy was thy Fate
To change a Worldly for a Heavenly State)
He knew the Voice, that soft, but piercing Sound,
Which strikes the Heart, then heals the blessed Wound.
For many Inspirations he had brought,
And Truth's mysterious often had he taught,
Oft had he reinforc'd his yielding Heart,
Oft had he fought in his Defence,
And driven the wicked Angel thence,
And rais'd new Works around the weaker Part:
He knew the Voice, and thus the Monarch cry'd;
Thou blessed Spirit, thou unerring Guide,

Thou

Thou Comforter in our Diſtreſs,
And Safeguard when our Dangers preſs,
Let me Adore upon my Knees,
The Meſſenger of Heaven's Decrees.
Yes, holy Angel, I'll Obey,
I'll gaze mine Eyes themſelves away,
And plunge into that Gulph, if the Almighty's Grace
And Love could reach me in that hopeleſs place.
Say then bleſt Spirit, who can'ſt penetrate
The Deep: What Fiend is that, who burns in State?
Proudly he raiſes his broad Cheſt,
And Criſps his deeply indented Creſt;
His Eyes like two vaſt Globes of ſullen Light,
Appear a diſmal and infectious Sight:
So's the full Moon, when firſt ſhe does ariſe,
Glaring thro' fiery Clouds, which fringe the Eaſtern Skies:
His Jaws like *Ætna* look, and louder ſpeaks
When its Eruption all the Iſland ſhakes,
A mighty Dragon it appears to me,
Say then bleſt Spirit, tell, what Fiend is he?
O King! That was a *Cherub*, once bright *Lucifer*,
The Guardian Angel of the Morning Star,
But Pride and dire Ambition led him on
T'attack by force his great Creator's Throne;
But hurl'd from hence, Blaſpheming as he fell,
He's Proud to be the firſt Damn'd Prince of Hell.
There, his chief Tempter ſubtle *Satan* lies,
Torn with the Pangs of Death, yet never Dies.
There's *Beelzebub*, that gaudy Fiend,
And *Luxury*, which Pride attend;
Theſe, once bright Spirits, many Legions drew
Of leſſer Angels to their Rebel Crew,
But driv'n from Heaven, down to Abyſs they flew;
They Rage in Flame,
They Howl, Blaſpheme,

Their Torments, like their Crimes, are infinitely great,
And being Eternal too, their Misery's compleat.
In that vast Deep which was prepar'd of old,
To Chain the Rebel Angels down, behold
A close adjoining Mansion, made for those,
Who Crowns Usurp, and lawful Kings Depose;
Justly they have the Cursed Preference
To burn by those, who first were driven hence:
For as those Angels 'gainst their God Rebell'd,
These, God's Anointed from their Thrones Expell'd;
Wading thro' Blood to gain a Crown,
Thirsting for what was not their own,
They're plung'd forever o'er and o'er
In red hot Streams of boiling Gore;
They drink their fill,
Against their Will,
Yet are Condemn'd to thirst again for more.

V.

LOOK vastly distant still, and you will see
Another Mansion of the third Degree.
If 'twere permitted that the blest might give
Comfort to those below, or they receive,
Those poor unhappy Souls in Misery
Would be the Objects of our Charity.
They were Anointed, Lawful Kings, and bore
Titles much brighter than the Crowns they wore;
They were call'd God's on Earth, and o'er the Land
As God's Vicegerents, had a large Command;
But fill'd with Pride and Vanity,
And fed up high in Luxury,
They lent their Power, and gave their Ears
Unto the vilest Flatterers.
Deceiv'd by these, Justice was banish'd far
Both from the Court, and from the Legal Bar:

Mercy,

Mercy, that Jewel of the Crown, was made
Th' unhappy Fund of their ungodly Trade;
Both were revers'd, falſe Counſels, falſe Reports,
Tricks, and falſe Judgments fill their hated Courts;
All Good Oppreſs'd,
No Vice Redreſs'd,
Whilſt the Involved King ſupinely takes his Reſt.
Thus, by falſe means Courtiers their Ends obtain,
And become Lords of their own Soveraign,
Injuſtice rages thro' the Land,
None can their Violence withſtand,
Till Vengeance caſts them down the Eternal Pit,
And the poor King is Damn'd for Crimes, which they commit.
In thoſe fierce Flames, which firſt were made
For Courtiers who their Kings betray'd,
'Tis there the faithleſs Wretches lie,
Where Sulphurous Waves run Mountain high.
Cloſe round their Lords they're plac'd, that they may know,
And ſee, and hear, and Curſe each others Woe;
There float along whole Swarms of Men unjuſt,
Daſh'd by thoſe roaring Floods on raging Luſt;
There, toſt, and plung'd, and toſt again, appears
Like flying Fiſh, a Shoal of Flatterers;
Curſing their Lords whom they Deceiv'd,
And Curſt by thoſe who them believ'd,
Redoubl'd Curſes fill the horrid place,
Whilſt all the Fiends rejoyce, and mock their juſt Diſgrace.

VI.

THERE, in another ſort of endleſs Pain,
The ſtarving Court-leech Miſer weeps in vain,
In utter Darkneſs, and with ſharpeſt Cold
He ſhakes, and trembles, and is ever roul'd,

On pointed Ice, which penetrates the Fleſh,
And all his Bones at every Motion craſh,
And ſtill new ſet, his Pains return afreſh.
Full Draughts of Cold now thro' his Bowels run,
Who had no Bowels of Compaſſion.
He Damm'd thoſe Streams which from the Royal Hand
Refreſh'd ſometimes the thirſty parched Land,
Not for the State, or for his Maſter's Good,
But that himſelf might drain the ſwelling Flood.
Now, as before, his Puniſhment is ſuch,
He ever has too little, and too much.
Raging with Cold and Want, he calls in vain
His hoarded uſeleſs Treaſure back again;
But here's no Purchaſe, nor no Woods to give
One Spark of Warmth, or any want relieve.
Ah! Curſed fooliſh Sin! The Fiends ſcarce know
What Evil Spirit could bewitch you ſo,
To paſs thro' Suff'rings, to Eternal Woe.
Faſt link'd in Pain, as once in Villainy,
Lies his true firſt-born Off-ſpring Treachery.
By their Joint-ſtock, a Trade was driven on,
Which more important horrid Ills have done,
Than all thoſe Frailties of the Mind,
To which poor fall'n Man's Enclin'd;
Or all the Curſes of the Earth,
Or ſweeping Plague, or ſtarving Dearth.
For theſe have Kings, and mighty Kingdoms Sold,
And Life and Soul of Man exchang'd for Gold.

VI.

AH bleſſed Courtiers! would you your Bleſſings know,
Like us y' attend the Thrones of Gods below;
Would you be Advocates in a juſt Cauſe,
And ſtrictly, obſerve the known and Sacred Laws,
Would you ſupport true Merit, tho' its Dreſs
Did not a boaſting Arrogance Expreſs;

Would

Would you Report the wronged Widows Caſe,
And humbly ſue
Where Mercy's due,
That the repenting Sinner might find Grace:
Would you Unmask the Hypocrite,
And Chace th' unworthy Favourite;
Would you Love modeſt Truth, and hate
Affected Grandeur and Deceit;
Ah happy Courtiers! would you in Truth purſue
What is your Kings and your Creator's Due,
Angels themſelves might envy your Degree,
For when you had your Duties done,
And your long bleſſed Courſe had run,
In Heavens Eternal Court you'd ſhine more bright than we.

VII.

THE Attentive King, ſeeing the wretched State
Of Kings themſelves, by Sin made Reprobate,
His Eyes lift up, and wrapp'd in Extaſie,
Loudly he cry'd, Glory to God on high!
Praiſe and Thankſgiving to the Lamb,
Who bleeding to the Altar came,
And gave himſelf, and lateſt Breath,
To ſave poor fall'n Man from Death.
Thy Mercies ſhine ſo wondrous Bright,
My Thoughts are dazled at the Sight;
How ſhall I then thy Praiſes Sing,
Eternal God, Almighty King,
I want the Power, accept the Will,
I've *David*'s Harp, but want his Skill,
O bleſs'd Redeemer! Precious Blood,
Thou'ſt cleans'd a mighty troubled Flood
Of private Sins, which were mine own,
And Sins proceeding from the Throne.

How have I ſcap'd that Manſion but by Thee,
Where ſinful Kings ſuffer Eternally?
Good God! might I at laſt preſume to crave
One Boon e'er I deſcend into the Grave,
Might I, O Holy Angel! might I thee Intreat
T' obtain one Bleſſing down from the Mercy Seat;
I then would pray, that thou, by God's Command,
When I'm departed, would'ſt with ſwifteſt Wings
Deſcend unto that hoſpitable Land,
The ſafeſt Refuge of unhappy Kings:
There tell my Son, and tell the Queen,
Tell them the Wonders I have ſeen,
Tell them that Kings themſelves, no more
Can be exempted, than the Poor,
From Death or Hell, except in Vertuous Deeds,
And Faith, and Grace the happier King exceeds;
But ſpare, O ſpare the Tenderneſs of Youth,
And ſofter Sex, I know thou muſt ſpeak Truth,
But in thy brighteſt Dreſs appear,
And gently whiſper't in their Ear,
Let not the Horrours of the Deep
Infect their balmy Dew of Sleep;
Nor let their Sorrows when awake
Of any future Fears partake,
But ſo inflame them with the Love
Of future Bliſs, and Joys above,
That no mean Thoughts may e'er their Actions Sway,
But Love of God alone Conduct them in their Way.

VIII.

THEN, when thou haſt begun th' inſtructive Part,
Poſſeſs their Minds, and Fortify the Heart,
Then holy Angel, let thy Spirit flow
In charming Sounds, yet ſtrong and powerful too,

Proclaim aloud that Juſtice muſt be done,
She's the Supporter of th' Exalted Throne.
For Pow'r ſhows brutal Force, or lazy Pride,
Or falling State, where Juſtice is Deny'd,
All Vertue fades, (if Vertue there can be)
Which take not Root, and raiſe their Seed from thee.
Once more adviſe them cautiouſly to hear
All ſpecious Terms, if Juſtice be not there:
For who by means Unjuſt regains a Crown,
Uſurps that Seat, which was by Right his own;
No leſs Unjuſt, and Traytors too are thoſe
Who againſt Right, enſnaring Terms propoſe,
'Tis Guilt, and fear of Juſtice makes Mankind miſtruſt,
For none would ever Fear, if all Men wou'd be Juſt.
Next, Holy Spirit, let his Mercy move
With Pow'rful Charms upon the Wings of Love,
And Viſit that deluded Stubborn Land,
Which has rejected God's, and our Command.
Let him forgive, as I before have done,
The Inſtruments --- ---
Forgive ſuch Princes too, as join'd with thoſe
Who did us Wrong: Heav'n may in time diſpoſe
The Heart of Man by unperceived Springs,
T' obtain that Grace which to Repentance brings.
Forgive my People, if they can Repent,
Alas! It is a dreadful Puniſhment,
To hear the Sentence, and to feel the Rod,
Of a juſt Judge, and an Avenging God.
Forgive—— yet let me think, yes, yes, Forgive, my Son,
What againſt Truth and againſt Thee they've done.
God's only Son was by his People made
Opprobrious, and by his own Betray'd,
Yet when he Dy'd, he for his People Pray'd.
The beſt of Wives they would Aſperſe,
With Crimes, not fitting to Rehearſe.

Ah bleſſed Queen, O trueſt Wife!
The chiefeſt Comfort of my Life!
Er'e I depart let me Proclaim
Thro' all the World thy Immortal Fame.
True to my Royal Love thou'ſt been,
True Mother of our only Son,
A gracious Advocate and Queen,
Where Faults were found, or Wants were known;
Strict in the perfect Acts of Charity,
Of Juſtice, Mercy and true Piety,
Patient in Suff'rings, diligent in Pray'r,
Heaven and my ſelf divided all her Care.
Faithful to both, but Heavens alone which know
What thanks are due, can pay thoſe Thanks I owe.
May Heaven protect her Innocence,
And be to Her, and Ours, a Tower of ſtrong Defence.

IX.

FILL'D with a Pious Zeal he more had ſaid,
But his good Angel ſwiftly had Convey'd
His Prayers to God, and from the Almighty's Throne
With Speed he brought this heavenly Meſſage down:
O King, be not ſolicitous to know
The future State of things below,
Angels themſelves dare not preſume,
To ſearch the Almighty's Book of Doom.
But thou'ſt found Grace, and may'ſt believe,
Thy Royal Family will live
In ſoveraign State, and they will Reign
In Peace, whilſt Heaven and Earth remain.
I ſhall be left a Guardian to thy Son,
A true Domeſtick of thy laſting Crown.
If Angels Love or Care cou'd ever ceaſe,
Or if they could admit of an encreaſe,

For thy bleſt Sake I'd imp my Wings anew,
And double all the Care I had of you.
'Twas I inſpir'd thee to provide
A faithful, juſt and worthy Guide,
And from the *North* a Star appear'd, which brought
The Practice of thoſe Vertues which he taught.
He form'd his Mind with curious Art,
And planted Vertue in every Part;
None e'er a better Planter found,
Nor Planter dreſt a fairer Ground.
O let him ſtill Conduct his hopeful Youth,
Whilſt I inſpire him with all heavenly Truth;
By us ſupported, and with Grace ſupply'd,
O King! He'll Sail with a fair Wind and Tyde.

X.

MORE the good Angel to his Charge had ſhown,
But th' expiring King, now weaker grown,
Behold O King ſaid he, (for I can hear
The Angels clap their Wings and all prepare
To meet thy bleſſed Spirit on its Way,
And to eternal Bliſs thy Soul Convey)
Behold our new *Jeruſalem*, the Seat
And high Tribunal of the Almighty's State.
Obſerve its regular Form, and vaſt Extent,
Its lofty Towers, and high rais'd Battlement;
Hew'd Squares of Diamonds of a mighty Size,
And equal Rubies, ranged Chequer-wiſe,
Compoſe its Wall: And by the Colour ſhews,
Juſtice and Mercy ſhould all Towns incloſe.
The Towers are built of Firmamental blue,
And Emeralds large we from the Quarry drew.
The Gates are fram'd of Carbuncle, enchas'd
In pureſt Gold; and all the Portal face'd

With ſolid Light, cut out in various Forms
Of the Exalted Croſs, and Holy Cities Arms.
In that Tranſplendent Stately Court appear,
Heav'ns high Records, committed to the Care
Of Cherubims, whoſe purer Quality,
Makes them God's Servants of the firſt Degree.
'Tis there the Law of God is laid,
By which the Univerſe was made.
The Sun and Moon and Stars from thence,
Receive their Light and Influence:
Theſe move exactly in their Spheres, and Sing
Long *Hallelujah's* to their God and King.
There Nature's Law, ſo perfect and ſo good,
The breach of that, brought on th' avenging Flood.
There's *Noah's* Precepts: There from *Sinai* brought
Are thoſe revealed Laws which *Moſes* taught.
The Jews receiv'd, and firſt thoſe Tables broke,
But all Mankind's oblig'd to bear their eaſy Yoke.
There the great Laws of Faith and Providence,
Which ſeem ſo much to contradict our Sence.
Alas! Poor Worms, which of you all will ſay
You'll Match your Sight againſt the Birds of Prey?
Who will pretend to ſmell againſt a Hound,
And hunt the ſwifteſt Slat upon the dryeſt Ground?
A little Plant will feel as nic'ly as you,
And ſeem to think,
When it does ſhrink,
How hard's its Caſe to be accurſt for you.
Believe, believe, 'tis Faith muſt make thee wiſe,
For thy beſt Senſes never can ariſe
To half the height of the Created Skies.

XI.

THERE ſtands the Judgment Seat, ſo Pure and Bright,
Angels themſelves can ſcarce endure its Light.
But could you now conceive, or I repeat,
Th' excelling Charms around the Mercy Seat,
O how they'd Raviſh, how they would enflame!
Such Dear, kind, tender Rayes proceed from every part,
They ſoften all things, but the hardn'd Heart;
They mitigate the Rigour of the Laws,
And always govern in a doubtful Cauſe.
They ſtop th' Almighty's Hand, and melt away
His Thunderbolts, tho' they had been
Thrice ſeven times hardned againſt Sin,
As Ice diſſolves in a hot Summers Day.
'Twas this preſerv'd thee, and thy Cauſe upheld;
When thy Fore-father *Adam* firſt Rebell'd;
In him ye Sinned, and with him ye fell,
And ye had Peopl'd all the Deeps of Hell,
Loaded with Chains of endleſs Miſery.
But from the Lamb rich Mercies flow'd,
And freely he his Life beſtow'd,
That thou, O Man, might'ſt ever happy be.
He ſaid; when Time appear'd, and in his hand
Held ſtretched out the fatal Glaſs of Sand;
Few Grains were left to run, then Death drew nigh,
But had no Sting, nor th' Grave its Victory;
For his Redeemer who his Soul would Save,
Preſerves the Saint from th' all-devouring Grave.
'Twas then, his Holy Angel from on high
Brought him bright Robes of Immortality.
Behold O Man! ſaid he, what Heaven beſtows
On holy Kings; ſee there that Diadem,
Whoſe moſt Tranſplendent Radiant Luſtre ſhews
It all excells, but thoſe of Martyrdom.

Why does vain Man his Purple boaſt,
Or Anxious Crowns of Thorns of Droſs!
Too dear alas! thoſe Trifles coſt,
For if he ſhould exchange for theſe
His future Bliſs, or inward Peace,
Who can compute his ne'er retrieved Loſs.
Behold that Manſion long prepar'd for thee,
Boundleſs in Time, and in Felicity;
Could the extended Thought of Man conceive,
Or even Faith it ſelf, tho' ſtrong, believe,
How full thy Joys will be when thou com'ſt there,
'Twould do thee wrong, and make them leſs appear.
What if the glorious Princes of the *Eaſt*,
Joyn'd with the mighty Monarch of the *Weſt*,
Should all agree in ſome excelling Thought,
And what they wiſh'd were to Perfection brought!
What if for many Years they ſhould enjoy
And pleaſe themſelves with their admired Toy:
With Heaven compar'd, 'twou'd be but daubed Pageantry,
As Years are but ſhort Moments to Eternity.

XII.

THUS by his Angel was he entertain'd,
And from all worldly Care his Thoughts retain'd.
He'd ſhewn the ſeveral Manſions of the Bleſt,
Their Springing-Joys, and their Eternal Reſt;
Thoſe Fountains too, of Mercy and of Grace,
Which all Adore who dwell within that place;
How by a thouſand Conduits drawn from every Part,
They overflow
Poor Souls below,
And by their living Streams refreſh the thirſty Heart.
But all the Hoſt of Heaven had heard,
A mighty Triumph was prepar'd,

And *Hallelujah's* set to bring
To Paradiſe a Holy King,
His Angel could no longer ſtay,
Nor ſtop the Glory of that Day,
His hovering Soul, tho' willing to depart,
Was clinging ſtill about his panting Heart.
When now alas! now I have moſt to ſay,
My Eyes are dazled, Thoughts and Words decay,
Such Glorious Light, and wondrous charming Sounds,
Of Conſort Angels, thro' all Heaven rebounds,
That even the Bleſt are rapt in Extaſie,
Scarce bearing what they hear, or what they ſee.
A ſoft, clear, melting, piercing Voice was heard
Proclaiming Peace, and then *The Son of Man* appear'd:
Myriads of Angels, and of Cherubims,
Of Saints, and Martyrs, and of Seraphims,
And all the Hoſt of Heaven came out to meet
The *Lamb of God*, and worſhip at his Feet.
All Veil'd their Faces, and all Proſtrate laid,
Untill *The Son of Man* theſe Words had ſaid:
Come thou bleſſed of my Father, Enter into the Kingdom, which is prepar'd for Thee.
Theſe words pronounc'd, a Hymn was ſtrait begun:
All Glory be to God, and to the Son,
And to the Holy Ghoſt, Amen.
Praiſe and Thankſgiving to the Lamb,
Who did his Servant *James* Redeem,
And brought him to his Paradiſe,
The Seat of Everlaſting Bliſs:
All Glory be to God and to the Son,
And to the Holy Ghoſt, Amen.
Awake ye Princes of the Earth, Ariſe ye Dead,
Admire, Adore, Exalt, O Man, thy Head,
For thy Redeemer Lives,
And plentifully gives

Blessings like these to those who keep his Laws,
And dare a Moments Life expose,
Or some poor worldly Trifle lose,
To Justify his great Redeemer's Cause.

That, thro' a World of Cares, and Crown of Thorns,
And hell's Court which Regal Power Adorns,
On Angels Wings, the Saint-like Monarch past,
Into an Elysium of Joys, which never waste;
So full of Bliss he was, so full of Grace,
Blessings stream'd from his Corps, and Glory from his Face.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

FINIS.